

Error in Trial

by Just a Thought

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Summary: Poor Mirai Trunks plays the defendant...

Error in Trial

Warnings: I went easy on the swearing. But there is some violence.  
(Poor Bob.)

Disclaimer: Don't own the DB (Z) (GT) shows or characters, likewise Law and Order, and anything else I forgot, so therefore, I don't make even a half cent of my fiction! And...uh...no offense to the legal system. What'd we do without them eh?

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What can I say, um, this is a very crazy fic for one. Very unrealistic, or at least I hope. By the way, it might show, but I don't much about court life, still I gave it a try, and any way this is a very unconventional court room. I now, finally more than just a short little fic!

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Mirai Trunks groggily brushed the Purple hair out of his face and picked up the wireless phone. "Whaa?" he asked still half asleep.

There was a lot of rambling on the other end of the phone.

"WHAT!?????" he cried in disbelief. "That can't be right!"

As the voice filled him in on some of the details Trunks got dressed. By the time it stopped he was fully dressed. Mirai Trunks closed his eyes, deep in thought, "So let me get this straight." he sighed. "I'm supposed to be in court tomorrow at 3:00 am?" he asked.

"Yes." was the simple reply.

Mirai Trunks groaned, ~I shoulda gone back to my own time.~

"I thought you were supposed to get several days notice." he complained.

"Don't ask me about it." the voice answered, "I only called to notify you about the trial. All I can tell you is that it's going to be one strange case."

"Oh, this is just great." Mirai Trunks yelled sarcastically after he hung up the phone.

-Next Day-

Mirai Trunks rubbed his eyes sleepily. He was outside the court room. He'd gotten there early and didn't want to go in quite yet. He was just rubbing his eyes for about the millionth time when he saw Gohan walk up in a suit.

"What are you doing here?" he asked suprised to see his teacher's alternative self walk up.

"I'm your lawyer." Gohan answered rather dully. It was clear he was still half asleep too.

"WHAT? What happened to MY lawyer!?" Mirai Trunks yelled.

"Anime characters only." Gohan explained. "That means no one from Law and Order."

"BUT!" Mirai Trunks screamed falling half-way to his knees. "This isn't fair!!!!"

"So what are you being sued for?" Gohan asked innocently.

Mirai Trunks stayed in his position, half-way to the ground, half-way to standing up. He froze, his palms upturned and fingers curled inward. He looked at Gohan like he was about to go crazy, then started to cry.

-In the Court Room-

Gohan dragged the struggling Mirai Trunks to his seat. Then they watched chibi Trunks enter with his lawyer, chibi Goten. Mirai Trunks wanted to burst out laughing aim a chi blast at the two pranksters, then run off giggling.

~I can't believe that munchkin is suing me for stealing his personality.~ Mirai Trunks thought. ~What's worse, if he wins he wins with a little kid as his lawyer.~

"Did I mention." Gohan spoke up. "I get half of what you win?" he asked.

"I'm the defendant!" Mirai Trunks screamed.

"Well," Gohan said, "Then a half of what you save."

"I want another lawyer." Trunks muttered. ~Wonder how many years he spent in training to be a lawyer, I'm guessing, but I'd say, zero.~

"What was that?" Gohan asked.

"Look, you should be figuring out how to kick your brother's sorry butt, not how much you get!" Mirai Trunks screamed.

"Fine, but remember this when dealing with lawyers, the more money you give, the more work you get." Gohan told him.

Mirai Trunks took a deep breath and tried to calm himself.

Just then they heard a voice. Mirai Trunks jerked his head up. Who was standing there, why none other than Yamcha.

~I thought he was dead.~ Trunks thought, obviously displeased.

"All rise for the honorable Vegeta..." he cried then stopped.

"Get on with it!" the angry court yelled.

"Bbbbut I can't." Yamcha stuttered looking very confused and scared. "I just realised he doesn't have a last name."

"Sure he does!" one sleepy juror yawned. "Breifs."

"I thought the woman was supposed to take the husband's last name." another juror said.

"But he doesn't have a last name for her to take." the first juror replied.

"Well then think one up!" she yelled hitting the man over the head.

"Waaaaheelllpmeee." the first said closing his eyes and slumping in his chair. The lady just turned her attention back to Yamcha.

"Um...okay." Yamcha stuttered once more. "All rise for the honorable Judge Vegeta Wahelpme."

"You know." another juror said, "I think you can get away with just Vegeta, the last name isn't required."

Yamcha shook his head in fustration he looked nervously over at the woman who was smiling. "Hey." he wispered, "How about a date next Saturday?"

The woman shot him a death glare.

Vegeta walked in. Mirai Trunks gasped for breath when he saw him. Instead of the normal black his hair was white. Some stupid jerk behind him all of a sudden yelled that there was a spider on the ceiling. Vegeta of course looked up and started looking for it. As he turned around in a circle, still looking up, his hair knocked the jerk to the floor, out cold.

Vegeta shrugged and walked up to his seat. He looked at the gavel. "Hmmm." he muttered.

"Why not?" Yamcha pleaded to the woman sitting in the jury's box. Before she could say anything the gavel went flying through the air hitting him in the back of the head. He picked the mallet-like object and swaggered over to Vegeta. "Here." he said, "I think you dropped this." then he fell flat on his face.

Vegeta peered over the edge of his seat, despite his reputation, he could be heard saying, "Ewwwwwwww."

Mirai Trunks slapped himself in the forehead, "Gohan, can you make this quick, they're all idiots any way."

"Order, Order in the court!" Vegeta yelled.

"In that case!" a voice was heard above the rest, a hand poked out over the heads of numerous people. Goku emerged from them, "I'd like..."

"Shaddup!" Vegeta silenced him.

Every one quieted down.

"Now, where's the first witness?" Vegeta questioned.

"I thought there was a more cerimonious sort of thing to call the witness to the stand, not to mention formal." some fool cried. Vegeta shot a chi blast in the general direction of the voice. When the smoke cleared two were dead, five seriously injured, and several had lost a good portion of their hair.

Chouzu suddenly appeared out of no where. Seeing him Vegeta began to go beserk. "Ahhhh! Who sent in the clowns??? Ahhhhhhhh, get the horrid thing away from me!"

The man that had been hit over the head was coming to. "What's she carry, bricks?" he mumbled. His eyes shot open wide. "AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! MIME!" he cried.

"It's a clown you blind scum!" Vegeta yelled above the hubub in the room.

"Mime!" the man returned.

"Clown!" this time there was no reply do to the chi blast Vegeta fired.

Mirai Trunks ducked under the table and sighed. "I need to get a psychitrist." was all he muttered.

"Guards!" Vegeta yelled, "Take this mime...er...CLOWN away!"

The ladies barged in through the crowd, guess who?

"What?" yelled Chi Chi fingering her mallet. "Oh, C'mon Bulma lets teach that clown a lesson. There were several loud crashes, and Tien crashed through the court room.

"Leave my friend alone!" he yelled.

Chi Chi held the little clown up by on leg. Chouzu made a face at her showing all of the holes in his mouth (made from missing teeth.) "But he's so icky. Can we at least give him a bath?" Chi Chi asked.

Yamcha turned red in the background. In return Bulma threw her mallet striking him in the forehead and knocking him out.

Tien started to fidget. "Umm, you might not want to do that."

"Sure we do." Bulma smiled sweetly. "We're gonna throw him in a pool chock full of chlorine, then DROWN THE DIRTY RAT! Mwahahahahahahahaha!"

Vegeta looked at her strangely. "Bulma, calm yourself."

"Hey Vegeta. What happened to your hair?" Bulma asked.

"Shut up woman." Vegeta yelled.

"But it went white!" she protested.

"I said shut up! And while your at it go away!" Vegeta roared.

Bulma and Chi Chi simply ran out of the room dragging Chouzu. Tien close behind.

"Did anyone notice that that man has one eye too many?" a lady asked.

The same man which had been knocked out by a purse and somehow survived a chi blast looked around groggily, "Whatda ya mean?"

The lady leaned over and whispered something to him.

"He had three eyes?" the man cried. "What kinda mutation is that."

The lady that had whacked him before smiled. "Kinda like that growth on your neck."

He looked at her with a drunk expression, "Huh?"

Before he could say another thing he'd been smacked into unconsciousness once more.

Mirai Trunks smiled, "Maybe I won't get sued after all." he whispered.

"DAD!" a shrill little voice sung out. Vegeta glared down at his son, "WHAT?" he replied in the same whiny voice.

Trunks began to pout, "What about my case?" he complained.

Vegeta began to grumble, "Okay, but we'll need another crier."

A man in the jury began to fake tears. "Boohooohoo! Blubber sob cry!"

"Oh shut up you idiot!" Vegeta yelled, "Or you'll get a chi blast to the head!"

"It's not so bad." the man who'd been hit three times now said, "Your only in intense pain/near death for a few minutes."

The lady with the purse got up and stuck her hand out. "How do you do, the names Blahblahblah."

"Um, high, the names Bob." the man replied.

"And this," she continued, "is my purse, thwack."

Bob was soon out of it again.

"DAD!" Trunks cried again.

"Okay, okay!" Vegeta cried exasperated. "Kakarot, get up here!"

"Whyat?" Goku asked looking up from a sandwich. "Oh, okay."

"Okay!" Vegeta yelled pounding his hand on the wood. "Trunks vs. Trunks, case of stolen identity, would the first witness step forward?"

Piccolo emerged from the crowd. "Make way for me, coming through."

Gohan looked funny, "Mr. Piccolo, I didn't think you were a witness."

"I'm not, he IS." Piccolo pulled out a sock puppet made to look like himself. There was a deranged look on his face.

"Ummm..." was all Gohan could say.

Piccolo took his seat. A funny smile sat on his face.

"Piccolo! Where were you on the night of July 15, 2000?"

"Uh, non existant?"

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

"That the night hasn't come yet." Piccolo gulped uneasily.

"Vegeata, this isn't some murder case!" Goku protested.

"You spelled my name wrong." Vegeta pouted.

"Well you get my name wrong!" Goku cried exasperated.

"Whatever." Vegeta turned back to Piccolo who was now playing with two sock puppets. One of himself, and one of Bulma."

Piccolo was whispering in a high voice, "Piccolo, kiss me, kiss me!"

The Piccolo puppet then replied, "Oh, yes, yes my love!"

As the two moved closer and closer, Vegeta cried out in a shrill voice, "Piccolo! What are you doing with Bulma!?"

Piccolo quickly lowered the puppets, blushing.

"Give me my wife!" Vegeta yelled angrily.

"No!" Piccolo grasped the puppet firmly.

Vegeta snatched the head and began to pull. "Give...me...Bulma!" he pulled with all his strength on her name, but in doing so he pulled off the head.

Piccolo gasped, "What have you done to Bulma?" he cried!

Vegeta quickly hid the head, "Nothing, nothing what-so-ever!"

Piccolo started to cry, he actually started to cry, "You ruined my Bulma!"

"She is MY wife." Vegeta spluttered, suprised at seeing Piccolo blubber like a baby. It didn't last long though, he stopped as soon as he had begun. "Are you two REALLY married?" he asked.

"YES!" Vegeta shouted.

"Then how come you don't wear rings?" Piccolo asked.

"Um...We never had time to get them?" Vegeta tried to answer.

"'Cause if you ARE married, I don't suppose you invited any one to the wedding." Piccolo said. Vegeta opened his mouth to speak, unfortunately Piccolo cut him off. "Hey!" he said cheerily, "You didn't get married in Las Vegas did you?" "N..." was all Vegeta got in.

"I hear they have some really great drive through chapels there!" Piccolo was so happy it was scary.

"I...NEW WITNESS!" Vegeta yelled.

Piccolo was dragged away while talking to his sock puppet self and the newly decapitated Bulma.

Next Master Roshi was pulled to the stand. In the background a man was heard yelling, "I thought the old geezer was dead!"

"I was you young hooligan!" Master Roshi screamed, "And if you don't want to die yourself you'd better shut your yap!"

Bob started to open his mouth, but was knocked unconcious by Master Roshi's staff. "Today's not my day." he muttered and slid to the floor.

"Um...Vegeta?" Goku asked. He shook the snoring judge. "VEGETA WAKE UP!" he yelled.

Vegeta woke with a start. He fired a chi blast in shock barely missing Goku's head, but leaving a hole through his hair.

"MY HAIR!" Goku screamed running around in circles. "Wha'd you do to it?!"

Vegeta just snickered. "Don't worry, it's very...stylish."

"I think it shows what's inside his head." Master Roshi offered. "Nothing."

"Next." Vegeta yawned. "Obviously the old man knows nothing."

Master Roshi was dragged away screaming various insults at Vegeta.

Yajirobi walked up to the seat next, but before he could get a word in Vegeta sneered, "Kill 'em."

Next, up came King Kai.

"What do you want?" Vegeta asked sneering.

"Your the one that called me up!" King Kai countered.

"Kill him too!" Vegeta shouted.

Vegeta looked down at his notes. "Shenlong!" There was some rumbling in the background.

"Shenlong?" Vegeta asked looking confused.

"I can't fit through the door!" came the muffled reply.

"Can you at least fit your head through?" Vegeta asked.

"No. However, I can grant you three wishes."

"In that case," Vegeta cheered up, "I'd like immortalit..."

"I wish that I could not be sued!" Mirai Trunks yelled.

"I cannot grant that wish." the dragon answered.

"Well, why not!" Mirai Trunks whined.

"Because some author calling herself 'Just a Thought' already made that wish." the voice thundered.

Trunks thought about this, "But I thought you could grant the same wishes twice, or at least for different people."

There came no reply save the idiot who snickered, "Shenlong has LEFT the building."



Trunks simply glared at him.

Gohan got up to go to the stand.

"Gohan!" Mirai Trunks whispered, "Where are you going?"

"To testify of course." he responded.

Trunks just got a worried expression on his face. "I hope you know what your doing." he whispered back.

"Me too." Gohan replied.

Vegeta glared down on Gohan. "Well?" he asked.

"Believe the youngest." was all Gohan said.

"YOUR SUPPOSED TO BE ON MY SIDE!" Mirai Trunks screamed.

"Over ruled." Vegeta yelled. "Continue."

"But that's all I have to say." Gohan said.

"Then let me up here." Mr. Popo suggested.

"Ooooookay, whatever you say monkey." Gohan answered.

"Hey!" Vegeta protested. "Sayians are the monkeys, not this bear!"

"I'm neither actually." Mr. Popo said.

"Sure!" Vegeta laughed, "I suppose your an it! Next you'll be tellin us you don't have a gender!"

"Not true!" Mr. Popo yelled.

Vegeta smacked his head down on the table laughing.  
"Ahahahahahahaha! Can I make fun of your name?"

"No!"

"Ahahahahahahaha!" Vegeta just kept laughing.

"Stop it!" Mr. Popo cried throwing a lightning bolt at Vegeta.

Vegeta sat in shock, his hair burnt to a crisp. He just kept blinking.

"Oh, my." Mr. Popo looked quite shocked himself. "I...I...well, you deserved it you big bully!" and with that he left.

"NEXT!" Vegeta called out, returning to his normal spirits.  
Juhachigou took her seat. Vegeta looked kinda nervous though.

"And...uh...do you have anything to say?" he asked.

"I broke your arm once." she answered, "And I'll do it again."

A small eep was uttered from Vegeta.

Juhachigou grinned an evil little smile. "I can hardly wait to hear the crack!"

"AHHHHH! get her away from me!" Vegeta cried from under a chair.

As soon as she was gone Vegeta got back up. "Okay." Vegeta sighed, "Krillian, your up next. Boy do you have one CRAZY wife."

"I heard that!" Juhachigou screamed.

Krillian jogged down the aisle. Instead of sitting down though, he just stayed, running in place before Vegeta. Occasionally he'd do a quick punch, or a kick.

"What are you doing?" Vegeta asked.

"Tae Bo (sp?)." was the simple answer.

"Oh!" Vegeta smiled, "I've been meaning to try that."

So soon everybody was Tae Boing (sp?). Yajirobi soon yelled out, "Hey! I'm getting skinnier!" and so he was, he'd lost about 200 pounds in around 3 minutes.

"Okay, enough of that!" Vegeta announced returning to his seat. "Next witness!"

Up next came Trunks (chibi).

"And..." Vegeta asked.

"I was in this reality first!" Trunks complained. "So he should have to rename HIMSELF!"

Vegeta looked at Mirai Trunks. "And you?"

"But 1. I'm only staying in this reality temporarily! And second I have Mirai in my name." Mirai Trunks defended himself since Gohan was asleep.

"But people still call you Trunks!" Trunks insisted.

Vegeta slammed his fist down. "Due to the confusion caused by these names, I order you, Mirai Trunks to change your name to Bob."

"But!" Trunks argued.

"No buts." Vegeta wagged his finger at Mirai Trunks.

"Fine." Mirai Trunks grumbled.

"THWAK!" the purse came down on Mirai Trunks's head.

END

I know, a bit random. But can ya tell I like to pick on Trunks?

\*snicker snicker\*

Trunks: It's true! She's evil! Evil, evil, evil! She's messing with my head!

Yes, poor Trunks, pity him.

Trunks: Why!? Why me!?

Your the easy one to pick on.

Trunks: What?

Nothing. Any way, comments are welcome below, all flames ignored. I'd appreciate feedback peoples. Oh, and by the way, don't expect three posts a week out of me all the time! And just an FYI, I have another series planned, yes, I know, the horror!

End  
file.